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THE

McCONNAUGHEY FAMILY

by

ELIZABETH McCONNAUGHEY WEST

Fairbaury, Nebraska

1937

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Minneapolis, 10 Minn.

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Records Feb 15, 1922

193982

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ELIZABETH McCONNAUGHEY WEST

DAVID PRATT McCONNAUGHEY

BORN IN VENANGO CO. PA.

NOVEMBER 14, 1805.

DIED AT WASHINGTON , IOWA.

JANUARY 9, 1900.

this copy belongs
to Elizabeth Ellen,
Youngest daughter
and ninth child.
Widow of Rev P.B. West

THE McCULLOUGH FAMILY

Minor, South Dakota,
December, 1933.

Greetings to the younger generations of the "Grand Old Man," my father, David Platt McCullough. Although I am a stranger to many of you, to me you are dear people, for your father or mother, or some dear parent was my brother or sister, for I was the youngest of the family of children of David and Catherine McCullough.

I am not forgetting that many other life streams other than the McCullough family relationship, combine to make for each, your own personality. Even so, it still remains that through you all even to the third and fourth generation, could be traced traits of character, something of the physical or mental of these forebears. -- Our is the writing, and the sending of this picture, (which I had copied from one taken when Father was eighty, fifty three years ago) my only object. There has been such keen regret that during Father's and Mother's life time I did not get such genealogical data as they could have given of both families. So that little I can pass on to you I

Last Will & Testament of James McConnaughey

an happy to do. Knowing that every American likes to know from whence he came as to Nationality. Largely though this letter will be reminiscent of their early days both in Pennsylvania and in Iowa.

In the case of our family it is certainly known that they were early American, my Father's Mother being the daughter of a soldier of the Revolutionary War, an officer, but whether a commissioned officer is not known, nor is it definitely known whether in Continental or Loyalist Army. His name was Samuel Davidson, of Path Valley Pennsylvania. His daughter, Margaret Davidson, married David McConnaughey, the first, of that name we know about. So we call him "David The First." He was in the War of 1812, and died either on the Great Lakes, or in that vicinity, leaving besides the widow, four daughters, names — Isabella, Betsey, Peggy, and one name forgotten. Besides my Father, "David the Second" then a little lad of seven years. There were brothers of the first David McConnaughey that we never knew anything about, not even their names. X My Great Niece, Josephine Risser Bassett, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, has had much interest in all this, hoping to find data thatwould be sufficient to allow her to become a member of the D.A.R., but without avail. I quote from a letter of hers relative to these things. — "McConnaughey is either a Scotch or Irish name It is found in both countries. So with the Thompsons, the Smiths were Scotch. On all sides there were Presbyterians galore, until my family got in with Congregationalists at Denmark, Iowa. All the rest of my Father's and Mother's families, the old stock, continued Presbyterian of one sort or another. I could find nothing about any McConnaughey very early. In

the record of Sneeds Church, Philadelphia, Pa., there is recorded the marriage of John McConnachy and Catharine McColche, on April 5, 1796. This might have something to do with us, because in the latest edition of "The Scottish Clans and their Tartans," it gives variations of Scottish names. We would come under what is known by the Highlanders, as the Clan, Donnachie, which is the old Highland name for Clan Robertson, which is divided into septs, like most other clans. Among those septs, are Sept MacConachie, Sept MacConniechy. (There is also a sept of this name belonging to the Campbells of Inverawe) and sat MacCobochie. So in looking for any thing look under those variations, for they are official. Our state (Minnesota) Historical Library, has quite a collection of the muster rolls of the Continental Army, and nowhere could I find anything remotely resembling McConnaughey, and only one Davidson, in the Muster Roll of Arnolds Battery, Commencing May 1st, 1775, and ending August 1st, 1777 — Captains, Davidson, Samuel, from command of the Warren. March 9th, 1776, appointed— Commodore, June 15th, 1776, and if you can make head or tail of that, you'll be doing well."

Josephine has in this interesting historical sketch, given us a new slant on the name, and made me remember that in early days different ones of our family would try for a time to shorten the name, (sometimes spelling it McConahy).

Perhaps from this paragraph we will find something of interest relative to early days in Iowa.

The following copied from a history of Washington County, Iowa, published in 1880, is an interview with my Father, who was one of the early set-

Also D.P. — "David Platt," was given the name of Platt - because it was his fathers mothers sir name. — and the - + David for himself David McConnaughey

tlers. It gives some interesting facts as to his early life. Who died or Platt

"David Pratt McConnaughey was born November 14th, 1803 in Venango County, Pennsylvania. His parents moved to Beaver County, (Western part of the state) there he was on a farm, and educated in the common schools. At the age of twenty he went to learn the hatter's trade with Jacob Courtney of Darlington, Pennsylvania. After three years of apprenticeship learning the trade, he worked at journey man hatters work about two years. In 1829 he went into partnership with Robert Tate in the hatting business at Mt. Jackson, Pa. where he remained two years. In 1832 he started in business on his own account in New Bedford, Mercer County, Pa., where he remained until 1850, when he sold out and went to farming. In 1853 he came to Iowa, and located at Denmark, Lee County, where he lived two years, coming to Washington County, Iowa, in 1855. He owns a farm of two hundred acres, which is well improved. He is one of the oldest settlers now liing in Franklin Township, and has seen the ups and downs of pioneer life. He was married to Catharine Thompson in Oct. 1830, a native of Mercer County, Pa. They have had nine children, Dr. David Smith, John Thompson, Samuel Davidson, and Elizabeth Ellen, wife of Rev. P. H. West, are now living."

Those early days in Pa. had little leisure, for every thing they had to wear or use was made by hand. Every town had its trades people of all sorts. Even "The butcher and baker, and candle stick maker." The hatter being one. This old book keeping book shows little money in exchange for

hats. It was all sorts of barter and trade. Father used to tell that when his years of learning hat making were ended, and he had five dollars and a watch, he got married. It is little enough to say, that the wife he took was an asset to his business. For it was her part to finish the hats with lining, bands, and binding, no doubt with joy in the doing, for she was a beautiful needle woman. All this, aside from the carding, spinning, weaving of the flax or wool for the households garments and linens and blankets, Mother used to say that when all thermaking, coloring, and pressing of cloth was finished ready to be sewed by hand, they thought they were almost through. Then there was the cooking on the fire place. There were no matches, so if the fire went out they would go to a neighbor for a shovelfull of coals. There was no baking powder or soda, so cooking had little variety. Washings in the summer time was done down by the creek. To show you Mother's thought of Gods love and willingness to forgive our wrong doing, here is a little story of one of those "washdays down by the creek." Having the washing all ready for the rinse she went to the house to prepare dinner. On returning to her work she found her clean cloths all in a tub of dirty suds. The little boy William coming up said: "I helped Mama, I put them all to soak." "Could I punish my child for trying to help? No, God deals with us gently, when we make mistakes." Mother was a woman of energy, and executive ability. Of quiet, kindly heart to whom the sick and needy turned, always finding her ready to help. One of her sayings was: "I'd rather push my work, than to have my work push me." Another in regard to gossip, was "The tale bearer, and the tale hearer, should be hung uptogether, one by the tongue, and the other by the ear."

Nor was the spiritual life neglected. Strict observance of the Sabbath day, by church going, and teaching the Catechism to the children (a form of religious teaching by question, and answer. All far above a childs mind) Those were days too of strict obedience at home, and "lickin and larnen" at school. I have heard my brother John tell of how he had so many punishmunt at school, always knowing that when he got home, he would be punished, because he had been punished. It all seems so dreadful now, but God in nb mercy brought good out of evil, for the going home to "Face the music," helped to make a sturdy character. Mother, in her later years expressed her regret at having been so severe with her older children. Be that as it may, there developed a family who had great respect for the parents, and a gentle courtesy for the brothers and sisters. Besides this, their obedience was an example for us younger ones. So brother Sam and I never got more than a frown, and "Tut, tut, children don't be so noisy," from Father, or a rebuke from Mother. As those old days in New Bedford, Pa. went by the family grew large and the business of hat making small for all such business went to factories.

So Father came to Iowa, undsettled for two years in Denmark, Lee County, where the older children, Rebecca, Alex, David, attended the very good Academy, Rebecca also taking lessons in Oil Painting. Brother David was an artist and portrait painter later in life of no mean ability. Denmark being a community of New England people, the change from the Western Reserve of Pa. was a good one for the family. Also in the new neighbor-

hood that grew up about the Washington County farm there were settlers from the East whose influence was fine. Especially one who had been a music teacher and who before the Civil War kept the young people interested in their Do, Re, Me's. My brothers all had exceptional voices, and good taste in music. Brother Sam and I were too little to be in all this, but to me, it now seems as I hear over the radio sung by the artists, that I grew up with all those. For I seldom hear an old song or hymn that is not familiar. It is one of the joys of my life.

One of the first crops on the new farm was broom corn, which proved one source of "cash money" while the farm was developing. The broom making machinery had to be set up in the little two roomed house, After the shelling of the seed from the first crop to prepare the brush for making brooms. The seed scattered hither and yon. Coming up like a young forest around the house in the spring. There had been a little church organized in Washington through the efforts of my people, and two other families, (Arnolds and Sturgess) which sorely needed funds. So Mother who never could bear to see anything go to waste, said to Father that if he would make up the brooms on shares, she would cultivate with the hoe, (this lot of young broom corn about the house) and giverher share to the church. I still see in memory the waving, tossing little forest that surrounded us. The pastor of the Washington church came out Sunday afternoons to hold Sunday school and preaching service in our little home. The broom machinery was set out side Saturday afternoons, and brooms were used in-

six miles to Washington little Congregational Church then in afternoon Rev Gates who had built-up the Church in Washington came out to our little home to preach to hold Sunday School

(8)

side, to make ready. Rude benches were set in, the baking was done for Sunday, the men greased their boots, and shaved their faces, "the house was clean and peaceful, and all the work was o'er — the very broom was hanging up, behind the kitchen door, and then when Sunday morning came t'was not like other days." We hustled up and went to church, and then came home and ate our lunch, and then the Sunday School! Great events for us children of the neighborhood, for do not forget that there were neither children's papers or books, nor were we allowed to take our slates and pencil to amuse ourselves on God's holy day, nor read over our lessons in our school books, or walk in the garden, or gather the eggs. Thanks be, my people out grew those old ideas of what was pleasing to God, and we all know to our sorrow, how far we have drifted into making The Lord's Day one of little church going and much pleasure. God grant, that we do not lose sight of spiritual values.

In 1861 when the Civil War came on John said to Father that when the wheat was harvested, he would enlist. This he did in the 7th Iowa Infantry, a regiment that saw more than the usual amount of active service. John's rank was Drum Major. Toward the end of his enlistment for "Three years or the War" he reinlisted, and was given a furlow before he began his second term of service, which included Shermans March to the Sea.

The following is a list of the battles in which he was engaged from August 1861 to August 1865, when he was discharged, being in the hospital three months after the war ended.

First — Battle of Belmont
Second— " " Fort Henry
Third — " " Fort Donaldson
Fourth- " " Pittsburgh Landing or Shiloh
Fifth — " " Corinth.
Sixth — " " Peach Tree Creek and Wilsons Creek
Seventh- " " Siege of Atlanta
Eighth - " " Sherman's March to the Sea which included numerous smaller engagements.
Ninth - " " Skirmishes of Sherman's Army up through South Carolina.
Tenth - " " Battle of Bentonville, North Carolina, where he was wounded.
Eleventh- " " Carried in Ambulance (mule team and wagon) to Goldsboro, North Carolina.
Twelfth - " " Carried in ship to Davies Island, New York City where he ramined from April until August. John's comrades tell that he was a good forager, as most of the foods on the long march had to be foraged, as the song has it, "How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground, as we were marching through Georgia." John told on himself how once he thought he'd take to the camp some honey, and picked up a bee hive, started to run with it, and the bees swarmed out on him. He did not get honey, but the woman of the house who saw the incident got a good laugh, and he got stung! In time of battle his duty when the music ceas-

ed was to carry off from the battle field the dead and wounded. His comrades told how when not occupied with that work he would pick up a gun and fire away. One letter that came to us was just a scrap of paper picked up from the battle field, with a line on it to let us know he was safe.

The next member of our family to go into service was David (David the Third) who enlisted in the Eleventh, Iowa Infantry. Many were the words of praise of him as a soldier, both by officers and comrades. A part of his service included the siege of ~~Richmond~~ Vicksburg. Owing to failing health he was given an honorable discharge. Afterward employed by the Commissary department of the army, until the end of the War.

My brother William enlisted in the Nineteenth, Iowa Infantry when just a lad of eighteen. During his regiments campaign through Missouri, and Arkansas, including the battle of Pea Ridge, William was not able for active camp service, so was detailed as hospital steward.

In the records of his company he was ranked as musician. After General Ben Butler took the city of New Orleans, La. my brother was given clerical work with an office in "Headquarters Defenses of the city."

His regiment had long been prisoners of war. He made many friends among the Union Citizens of New Orleans, and officers and clerical helpers, one of whom his room mate, W. G. Stewart of Philidelphia, Pa. came to be a most devoted friend, whose friendship extended to our family many years. This W. G. Stewart became an Episcopal minister through the friendship and influence of my brother who had himself expected to be a minister of the gospel. When my brother was taken ill a friend in the city asked permission of the Govt. to take him to his home. Hiring nurse, (whose photo I still have) and physician. We might use the old adage, "Death loves a shining mark." — Again this Samuel K. Knox of Carondelet St. asked permission of the Govt. this time to be permitted to bury his young soldier friend. Clippings from New Orleans papers of that date tell of the Cortege that followed to his burial in Lafayette Cemetery. The Regiment being paroled had reached the city, ragged, foot sore, and hungry, the day Hillian died, and the New Orleans paper told of these comrades following to his last resting place. So many of these comrades sent letters and numerous clippings, giving such account of brothers fine life that comforted.

Old letters tell some things of the days on the farm during the Civil War. Trees were planted. The yard filled in and grass seed sowed. I remember by brother Will, planted the one cotton wood, a little slip of a thing in the back yard. That now measures more than twenty-seven feet in circumferance. But on the farms orchards, vineyards and crops growing.

Life went on as it always does. We lived on what we could raise, or get. We wore what we had. After the war John took hold of the farming. Brother David studied medicine. Brother Alex who had been Father's right hand man all those trying years of the war and married, bought a part of the land from Father, and had his own nice little home.

During those years, Father had some legal affairs to settle. After the war of 1812, when the first David McDonnaughey died, he had been set aside a grant of land by the Govt. for the heirs of this soldier. This land grant was located in Northeast Missouri. Father found it had been sold for taxes and settled on for twenty-five years.

My Mother had received three hundred dollars from her Father's estate in Va. This she gave to Father with which to buy out his sister's interest in this grant of land. After some years of litigation through the courts of Missouri, the land was deeded to Father, who made satisfactory settlement with the man who had settled on it. Then sold him the farm. The money received from the selling of that land grant, built the new house on our Washington county home farm. Also helped buy what is called the North farm of one hundred acres. Fifty acres of which was later deeded to my brother, Samuel, who lived upon it until failing health compelled him to seek a warmer climate. Life's little day was almost run for him even then, and in less than a year after going to Rogers, Arkansas, he died. Much credit is due his widow, Clara, for the way she kept her family together, helping to make of them the fine citizens they all are, they now caring for their Mother in these later years.

ELIZABETH ELLEN

(McCONNAUGHEY) WEST

at

the age of 80

Sam's and Clara's childrens names are as follows: Addison, Charles, Roy, and Thelma (Now Mrs. Geo. Thompson of Rogers, Arkansas,) My brother Samuel Davidson was injured by a fall when eighteen months old. In those days surgery was almost unknown, so nothing was done. A hip disease followed making him a cripple for life. As children, we were like twins, and I thought those indispensable crutches were like fairy wands, always so protecting, for as we trudged across the prairie to school, he could wave a crutch, and the grazing horses or cattle would disappear, or the snake in the grass would scurry to his hole in the ground or get his back broken. Physically handicapped he always was, but mentally equal to any, and the peer of most men. Spiritually he was at peace with God. To have achieved a profession and carried on with skill as a dentist many years until his health failed, to have married the splendid girl Clara White, of Brighton, Iowa, and to have left in this world three fine sons and a lovely daughter, is a fine record.

You will see as I record the names of the family (without dates) that this brother Samuel was next to the youngest of the nine.

First: Emily Jane, died when young. Life had been full of work, and teaching. There were also plans for a home of her own, but from life's sweet young days she was taken to a land of perfect happiness. The Dr. Eberhardt whom she had expected to marry always counted himself one of our family.

Second: Rebecca married Cyrol Newton who with his sisters had come from Vermont to teach. There were four children, Adrin, Emily, George and Mary. Mr. Newton took his family overland to Nebraska, and located on near Lincoln. The children came down with typhoid fever and after nursing them through that illness, my sister had not the strength to combat the disease. Like hold happiness in spite of the loss of the comforts of life. The love of home and husband, and the children, and her joy in the knowledge that God cares for all his own, made life well worth while for her. She was a calm sweet woman when we last were received a welcome to the "house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

Third: Alexander James, physically a prince of a man. Was happily married to Emily Baker, and was the first sister-in-law, and a joy to the whole family especially to Mother during those early trying days on the farm and through the Civil War, both Alex and Emily were a tower of strength to church and community. Their son Frank, the first Grandson also helped keep the spirits up. Emily's fine housekeeping was an incentive to me as a little girl, as also was her ability to make good things, teaching me to sew and cook. My brother died while under forty years old leaving sorrow that did not end for the wife and leaving a son Frank Baker, so like his father, and a dear little daughter five years old, who is now Mrs. Eva Risser, wife of Rev. H. Arthur Risser of Minneapolis. To one whose life had been so in accord with the life of our Lord Jesus, the going was indeed a blessed one for my brother Alex. Emily's

long years of widowhood was spent with her children, who spared no effort to make her happy. She kept a little apartment in her sons home and from that dearest spot on earth to her, she passed on in her ninety sixth year. We thank of her with love and with this: "I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness."

Fourth: David Smith, (The third David) whose war record I have already given, was a physician honored by men of his profession and loved by his patients. His bride, Josephine Ferry of Washington was both lovely and well educated, with a gay little personality all her own. The honeymoon for that couple never ended till "Death do us part"—shall we say it did then? There was more than half century of life together with children, Bajizetta dying in childhood, left Harry David, James Ferry and Grace. All through the long years since his war service my brother had suffered. He died some fifteen years ago in his home in Wayland, Iowa. His faith is summed up in this. "For the love of God is greater than the measure of mans mind, and the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind."

For some years Josephene and the daughter, Grace who was teaching in Springfield, Ill. music School made their home together. In later years she had her home with the son Harry David in Millnette, Illinois. Less than two years ago her spirit took its flight to realms immortal, knowing all was well with her soul, so the circle of dear ones of our family had to close up the ranks, and go on without her.

Fifth: Isabelle, a little girl of six, died of dyphtheria.

Sixth: John Thompson, whose war record I have given, stayed on the home farm to make it possible for Father and Mother to end their days in the home they loved. John married Lucetta Mills. From a phychological point of view, even if "cupid" had not taken a hand in this matrimonial venture, it would have been perfect. Temperamently they were different, yet with many tastes and interests in common. The coming in as Lucetta did, where Father and Mother had long had their home, no one could have made happier conditions. Lucetta was cheerful and loving. The wonderful voice one had made melody through the house. Then the reading aloud to them, the entertaining their friends, kept loneliness from creeping in on them in their old days.

Surely none of their own daughters could have made them so happy for we were all too quiet a people during middle life. The effects of his long army service and the bullet he carried in his leg, broke my brother John's health, and took the spring out of his step. During those years of semi-invalidism, the spiritual fires burned brighter as the body grew more frail and during the Easter Season of 1900 as the angels sang, his spirit took its flight. Leaving the widow Lucetta, and sons, Ralph and Harlow, and Grace and Johnney, one child, an infant William having died; Johnneys death followed the same year. Both Father and Mother were dead so Lucetta with her children Harlow and Grace went to her brother, Rev. Harlow Mills at Benzonia, Michigan, who had lost his

wife shortly before. This was her home many years, till they builded themselves a cottage in Pilgrim Place, Claremont, California where Lucetta is still "At home" to her many friends.

Seventh: William Nisbit, who died young in New Orleans, La. during the Civil War, as I have already told you.

Eighth: Samuel Davidson, a sketch of whose life I gave you. He, a cripple on crutches during childhood, using a cane later in life. As a child he would sidle up to Mother when he saw other children running, and say "When I get to heaven I won't be lame, will I Mother?"

Ninth: Myself, Elizabeth Allen. When twenty-four years old, married Rev. A. B. West, a young minister just from Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinatti, Ohio, who came as pastor of the little Franklin Congregational Church which was the outgrowth of the services held in our little house Sunday afternoons in the early days. We had many years together, happily trying to do our best for the churches we served in Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Illinois, and Nebraska. Mr. West had also been a Civil War soldier in the twenty-fifth Infantry. Broken health resulted thereby for many years. Also he was for a time Assistant Editor of the Chicago Advance, our church paper. Mr. West died in Ainsworth, Nebraska, at the home of his daughter, Katherine West Kelly, leaving myself, lonely and old, also two daughters, Katherine Lucetta and Margaret Major, to whom he was a proud good Father, and they, to me most devoted daughters.

His going took from the world a man who had the courage of his convictions, and whose faith in the saving grace of our Lord Jesus, never faltered. My home is now with Margaret (Mrs O.V.Hoffine) at Winner, So. Dak.

My Mother's people, the Thompsons, were a large family. The sisters were Rebecca, Jane, and Mary, who lived to be more than one hundred years old. Brothers; Smith (which was his Mother's Maiden name) Robert, John, Alexander, David and Milton. The last three named went overland to California during the gold rush of 1849. Milton died. The other two returning after some years, married good women and raised families. Alexander Thompson in Washington County, Iowa, and David Thompson in Pa. Mother's brother John and sister Rebecca Somash, were also in our vicinity. So we had a circle of relations.

My Mother's last illness in her eighty-fourth year was long with much suffering. In speaking of the twenty-third psalm, "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me," she said "I'm leaning heavily upon that staff." Also she said: "When I get to the Heavenly home, the first thing I want to do is to fall down at Jesus feet."

Father lived ten years longer dying at 94 years. His personality was kind and happy hearted. Always enjoying the grandchildren and their games. Taking an interest in all the events of the household. Keeping abreast of the times politically. A strong prohibitionist, but saying little about it.

I see him sitting in his chair singing the hymns that never grow old, in a voice that did not falter. One favorite being "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord," all this shows that he was ready for the call, so he quietly slipped through the GATE BEAUTIFUL, to be forever with the Lord.

I have told you much, perhaps more than I need have done of this David Pratt and Catherine McConnaughey and their family. They were not remarkable, nor perfect. Many were their sins of omission, and commission. They lived under primitive conditions, but you will see that they had ideals and standards which they tried to impart to their children.

I may be like the Irish woman who said: "She never was known to sit down in her own house and tell a bad tale on herself," but you younger people are the proof, that this family who are part of the back ground of your lives were a worth while people. For largely, you have taken advantage of the progress of the world, educationally, and in the business world, and in the standards of living. You have kept the "Traditions of the Elders" in all things good and true. I only wish each one of you from the oldest grandchild to the youngest and most remotely connected with this Father and Mother McConnaughey, could feel that I am saying this to you, that you are the proof positive. That they made the world better. For "if we live, we live

-20-

-Note — Since a long lost letter from my brother Dr David McConnaughey was found — it tells us that my fathers father was also David -- Confirming this.

in those who follow us."

I am glad to tell you that the name of David is still being kept. The Davids have been as follows: David, the first, who died in the War of 1812, his son, David Pratt, the second, My Father, his son, Dr. David, my brother, the Third, Harry David, Fourth, David Allen McKeepeace, the fifth, (son of Harlow McConnaughey, John's son, who was National Y.M.C.A. worker, during the World War) and David Ralph the sixth (son of Samuel's son, Addison McConnaughey of Rogers, Arkansas.)

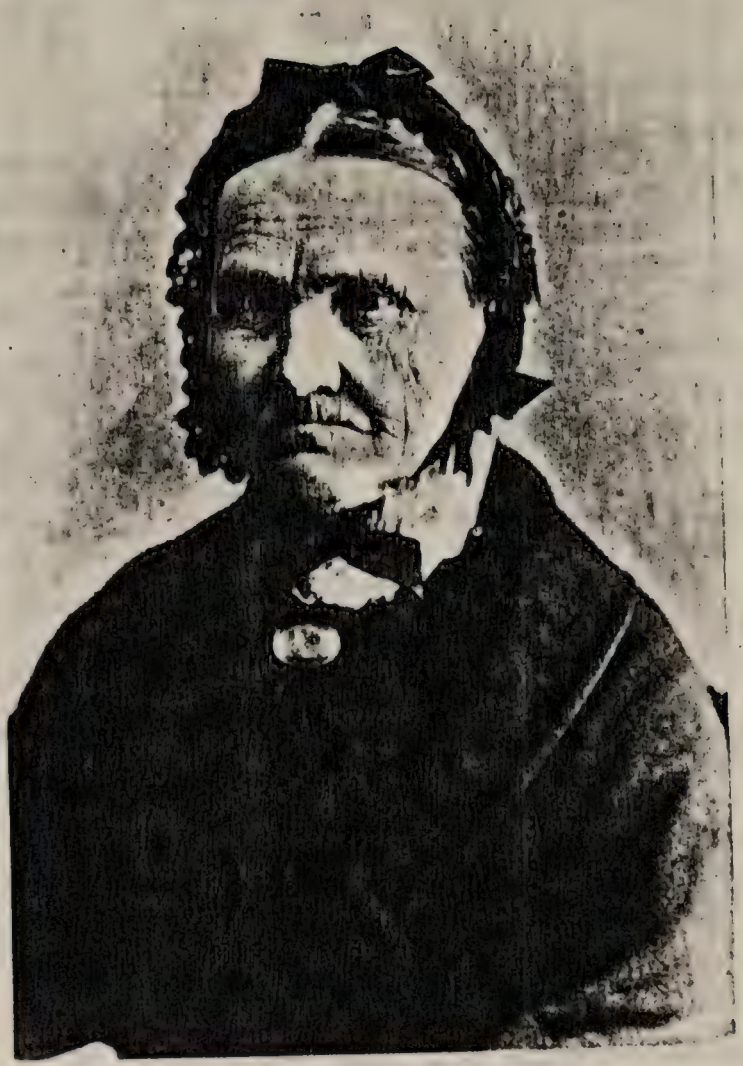
Much water has run under the bridge since those early days here related. You are new generations. Your lives having each their own problems, just as serious as theirs. There are the same laws of justice, mercy, and peace to follow. The same God to love and obey.

A few more days or years for me, and the life chapter of this David Pratt McConnaughey family will be closed. So, I will say good bye, with these lines of John Oxenham.

Fold up the tent! The sun is in the west.
Tomorrow my untented soul will range among the blest.
And I am well content,
For what is sent, is sent. And God knows best.
Fold up the tent. Its slack ropes all undone,
Its pole all broken, and its cover rent, -
Its work is done.
But mine -- tho' spoiled and spent
Mine earthly tenement --
Is but begun."

Elizabeth E. West-

A photograph of my mother &
A booklet No 2 - was written to
Copy the old letter of my bro David
which I hope will be kept with the



Catherine Thompson
1st Commanding Officer
Wife of
David Hall McConnaughey
— Lawrenceburg —

The McConaughey Family booklet Continued

When this little booklet was written we did not have photographs of my Mother, which I regretted keenly.- However since that time I have had copies of an old one enlarged a bit. And I am sure you will see in this strong old face the fine large head - a glimpse of the character that made her life - a strong tower not only to her family but to the world she served. To many

Also added to this ending of Mothers picture are things of interest - copied from an old letter of my brother Dr David McConaughey - to my daughter Kathleen Mrs Kelly. which gives us a little more data on time of the coming

to this counting of the family.
So I quote from that letter.
—Quote— Walters initials were
D. P. (David Platt) his middle
name for his grandmothers sur
name. Who came with his
grandfather, from the north of
Ireland during the troubles
with the Irish who being Catholic
resented the Scotch people who
had made settlement in
Ulster - North Ireland -
Going back in the history of those
times, we find that at many
times as far back as the early
days of the 13 Century, the Scotch
invaders made settlement
in the North of Ireland, and
had plenty of trouble with
their Irish neighbors.-
However when the war of the
revolution, made it certain that

this country was to be the home of the free. These same Scotch Irish people flocked to this country. Where they would not be harrassed by enemies at home, or by the Government of England.

Now. Memory is not as good as it ought to be. But I think it was at the close of the revolutionary war that Fathers grandfather made advent to this country.

My Fathers, Father was also David McConnaughey. and had two brothers, James, & William. Of whom we know nothing

Father was an only son. The youngest of the family. Born in 1805 - and 7 years old when his Father went out in the war of 1812 - and died some place on the Great Lakes during that war.

You probably do not know much about our dear Mother your Sainted Grandmother

She also was the daughter of a soldier of the war with England of 1812.
She was the oldest-daughter of Captain Alexander and Catharine Smith Thompson. They also were Scotch Irish coming to this country at-a little later date than the McConnaughays.
Grandfather Thompson, (Captain Alexander Thompson) raised a company among his neighbors in Western Pa-near the Ohio line,-the pioneer country of the West at that-time.-
Many times have I listened to my mother telling of the hardships of those early times in a home among those huge forest trees."—Unquote.—

The foregoing, from my brother, Dr. David McConnaughey to my daughter Katharine West-Kelly, gives us a glimpse of the "when and where" the family came from. And you will notice it has always been to the new country they have gone - perhaps that is the reason wealth has never come to any of us, but there has always been courage - a forward look, an advance in education and a faith in the goodness of God. —

As I write this letter addition to the booklet I am in my 89th year but my heart is going strong with love for my kindred.

Faraway Elizabeth West — 1937

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M. L.

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